

Sunday 17 February 1946

Bunny Darling;

It is now Sunday, less than one week to go Honey. The very first thing I thought of this morning was that in just exactly one week we will be married and you will be beside me in the bed. It was a very wonderful thought and feeling Darling, very wonderful. I will be so glad when it finally happens, I want so very much to be your husband that it seems I can hardly wait.

This has been a very dreary Sunday with nothing of note happening. I did take a bath and shave and had a hair wash my hair. I needed it after my trip to New Hampshire.

The housing situation up there is quite bad too although at the university they have solved it temporarily. The college took over a worker's housing project in Portsmouth New Hampshire and has special buses running out there for the students. On top of this they are building apartments in Dover New Hampshire. They have an enrollment of 500 more than they ever had before, that isn't much, but for New Hampshire it ~~is a big thing~~ is quite a bit.

Speaking of the housing shortage, Foster's wife is not too popular with the newly married couples in Derry. It seems that she rented an apartment in Derry for her and Foster and then got herself a job in Massachusetts so the apartment just sits there vacant, she has a room near her job in Mass. All the other couples are trying to get the place from her and she refuses to let it go. The worse part of it all is that Foster doesn't think he'll be home until sometime

this summer so they would only live in the Derry apartment a month or two at the most and would then have to give it up because Foster would have to go to school. That gets my goat. I think she would still irritate me if I had to be near her too much. That's too bad too because Foster is a darned nice fellow. I guess he loves her though and that's all that counts.

All this brings me back to the problem of our apartment. I hope we can get one Honey. Gosh, I want so very much for us to have a place of our own. If we do have to stay at your house, I hope we can get the basement to fix up for ourselves. That would be the next best thing to a regular apartment.

I still don't know what to do about a wedding present for you Darling. Pearls seem to be very scarce around here. I'll look around in Boston tomorrow morning. I still think I'd like to get you a nice new suit but I couldn't do that before the wedding. Oh well, I'll probably find something in Boston.

Arthur just stepped out with this girl friend he works with in the shop. She is quite a gal. Pauline also went out. She seems to be going quite steady with Charlie Wall now. I guess she really does like him a lot but has her head filled with a little too much of the movies' false sophistication. She'll get over it. He is a darned nice fellow. I get a kick out of Mom. She thinks the world of Charlie and calls him her "number three son."

Mom also thinks the world of you incidentally. She has been telling me all along that she wants me to be good to you. She has a very threatening tone in her voice when she tells me that too. She needn't worry about

my being nice to you. It'll be just as nice as it is possible for anyone to be to you. I just have to because I love you so much that I could never do anything else.

Mom and Dad are in the other room listening to the radio and reading and I'm out here all by my lonesome in the kitchen wishing desperately that this week would go by fast so I can be married to you but fast. Mrs. Alfred P. Maurice. How does it look Honey? It will be Mr. and Mrs. from now on. The two of us together for always. My very fondest dream will have come true for you are all I want in the world.

I love you with all my heart, soul and body.

And I am yours

Forever

Freddie